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**LOUDON:**  
SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1853.

**PROSPECTUS OF  
THE LOUDON FREE PRESS,  
For 1853.**

Having assumed the onerous and responsible duties of public journalists, we feel the just desire to increase the circulation of our paper, as it will not only increase our capabilities of doing good, but at the same time give us reasonable remuneration for our labors. To accomplish this desirable end, we have determined to send out this Prospectus with a request that all who feel an interest in the increased circulation of our paper will send us the largest number of subscribers they possibly can. Yet, we cannot make this request without tendering appropriate acknowledgments to several friends whose exertions in procuring us subscribers have not been unnoticed by us.

We deem it unnecessary to occupy a lengthy exposition of the leading features of the *Free Press*. Its political complexion is uncompromisingly *Whig*—but we are truly glad that the evil times of unrelenting political warfare has for a time at least ceased, and those so long and so recently in antagonistic array, are drawing together in friendship and in purpose, to mingle united effort and united wisdom to advance the interests and the true glory of the land. We look to the promotion of the interests of Agriculture, of Manufactures and of Commerce, as being by far more important to the improvement of the country, than any political issue upon which the American people are extensively divided. These great interests shall have our warmest support. Our leading aim shall be to arouse public sentiment to the importance of industrial progress—of enriching our fields, of beautifying our homes—of starting up the busy hum of industry and enterprise.

As to the merits of the *Free Press* it is for the public to judge—we can only claim that we have earnestly endeavored to publish a paper worthy of public patronage. It is filled with readable matter—containing the latest Foreign and Domestic News—full and impartial quotations of the Produce Markets of London, Augusta, Savannah, Macon, Charleston, and Nashville, with occasional quotations from other important points—together with the prices and number of Hogs sold in Cincinnati each week during Packing season—also the prices of Pork at numerous other points, so as to give our Readers a broad and correct basis of judgment in regard to this important article of trade. In a word, our paper is for the business men of East Tennessee.

We are anxious to increase our circulation, and have determined to offer the *Free Press* at greatly reduced prices to Clubs—money to accompany the names, as follows—

Single copy, 3 annuities, ..... \$2 00  
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Eight Copies, ..... 12 00  
Twelve Copies, ..... 15 00  
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J. W. & S. B. O'BRIEN, Publishers.  
London, Tenn., Jan. 15, 1853.

NEW ORLEANS, March 15.—The difficulty between the citizens of San Juan or Greytown, and the Vanderbilt Nicaragua Transit Company, is becoming quite serious. The depot of the Transit Company is located on a point across the river from Greytown, and at the depot the Company has stores, with supplies of all description, which are furnished to passengers going either way, thus completely monopolizing this branch of trade, and cutting off the citizens of the town from all participation in its benefits. Numerous complaints have been made, which were unheeded, and the citizens becoming exasperated, threatened that unless the depot was removed to Greytown, open warfare would be resorted to, to check the monopoly, for which purpose cannon and ammunition had been procured with the determination to tear it down. Mr. Baldwin, the agent of the Company, had been arrested and imprisoned, on the charge of using threatening language, but was subsequently released. On the 8th inst., according to private letters received, the inhabitants of Greytown sent a body of armed men instructed to destroy or remove the depot. After destroying considerable property, they took down and insulted the American flag, and gave notice that they would demolish the whole building on the 10th, if it was not removed within the limits of the town. Great excitement prevailed, and the Transit Company has refused all intercourse with the town, and declared its determination to carry none of its citizens to New York.

[Correspondence of the New York Herald.]  
WASHINGTON, March 12, 1853.—An attempt was made, a day or two since, to overawe the President by the appearance of an entire Congressional delegation from a large State in the West, at the White House, asking an interview. The President informed them that at twelve o'clock he would be happy to meet them. They appeared at that time, and lo and behold it was a public reception. This shocked their sensibilities that they withdrew, saying that such treatment was unexpected and unaccountable from a Democratic President.

The other day a farmer called at a shop and looked at some rat-traps; but finally remarked, "he didn't expect he could catch one of these plagues, sly critters, if he had a dozen traps, and went away without purchasing. The Irish lad who had waited on him, sent him word next morning, to 'jest stop over again, for, he jabsers, he'd now got a thrap he could sell him, with a rat in it ready cotted."

**FRAUDS IN THE EUROPEAN GRAIN MARKET.**—Robert Ferdinand Pries was placed at the bar for "unlawfully and feloniously uttering an account receipt of goods, with intent to defraud," and forging the like instrument. The specific act of villainy for which he stood indicted was perpetrated upon the firm of Messrs. Collmann & Stollerfoht, who had been reduced to bankruptcy by the act. We may say, almost without exaggeration, that the peasant in the Ukraine and the backwoodsman of the States will not escape without injury from the tendency communicated to the grain market by the other operations of the wretched man who was convicted last week at the Old Bailey. It was as far gone as last summer that the attention of the commercial world was drawn to the strange speculations then proceeding in corn. Wheat was absolutely purchased at Amsterdam and the Baltic, shipped and delivered in England, and then straightway re-sold at a heavy loss. What could be the meaning of this eccentricity in the markets. There were not wanting *gossamers* to declare that the transaction was entirely a political one—that wheat was so bought and sold in order to depress the market at home, and so to afford something like a solid footing to the Protection orators who were perambulating the country and frightening the farmers out of their wits.

His *modus operandi* was simple as simplicity itself. They entrusted him with flour for sale which had been consigned to them by their correspondents in the United States. For this purpose the bills of lading were delivered to him, and he from time to time returned accounts of sales which he had effected at such excellent prices as to attract further consignments from the warehouses and alienated it to third parties, who claim to hold it as pledged by him. It was from the money so obtained that from time to time he made disbursements to his principals, and contrived to keep their suspicions at rest, or rather to prevent them from conceiving suspicion at all.

The partners had opened credits for Pries against bills of lading, and in 1852 they accepted his own drafts to a large amount against wheat. Their advances were not to exceed 30s. per quarter. Now, what Pries did was this—He took the bills of lading from Messrs. Collmann & Co., and in a few days either paid up the amount in cash, or ware-house-keepers' receipts for the grain.

These were the receipts by which the warehouse-keepers acknowledged to hold for the house the parcels of wheat therein mentioned, and which were received by them without question as a full security. Whenever bills fell due Pries met them, and the whole business appeared to be conducted with the most perfect regularity. It is now needless to add that this wheat was also withdrawn from time to time by Pries, and that the warehouse-keepers' receipts were forged, for it was upon one of these that he was convicted the other day at the Central Criminal Court. Still, despite of their unbounded confidence, the partners could not but feel surprised at these anomalous transactions in grain, and they questioned Pries upon the subject—His answer was, that the Society of Hermannubers, in Germany, had contracted with the Prussian Government for the delivery of grain, which was to be paid for at the price ruling in Amsterdam at the date of delivery. If these were true, the object, then, was to "foul" the Amsterdam market at and about the dates when the deliveries were to be effected. In this manner, although losses might be incurred in London, they would be more than covered by the gains made in Amsterdam by starving the market at the epochs named. He stated, moreover, that as he was merely acting on commission, the policy or impolicy of the speculation mattered not to him; and as far as the partners were concerned, the grain was always worth 30s. per quarter. So undoubtedly it was, but he had withdrawn it from their power. They held nothing in exchange for their advances but a parcel of forged acknowledgments. As far as the law of this case went, there appeared fortunately to be no doubt about the matter. The man who has spread ruin and misery so widely around him has been marked with ignominy and transported for life.—*London Times*.

**A TOUCH OF NATURE.**—The Springfield Republican has the following incident, which occurred a few days ago, on the Western Railroad:—One of the passengers was a woman, carrying in her arms a child, who annoyed every one by her petulance and cries. Mile after mile the passengers bore the infliction of its noise, which rather increased than diminished, until, at last, it became furious, and the passengers nearly so. There were open complaints, and one man shouted "Take the child out." The train stopped at a station, when an old gentleman arose and made the simple statement that the father of the child had died recently, away from home, and that the mother had been on a visit to her friends, and had died while on the visit, that her dead body was on board the train, and that the child was in the arms of a woman who was a stranger to it. It was enough. There was a tear in nearly every eye, and all were melted into pity and patience. All selfishness was lost thinking of the desolation of the poor little wanderer, who would have found a warm welcome in hands that, a moment before, would almost have visited it with a blow.

**High Priced Religion.**—Dow, Jr., the eccentric preacher, in allusion to the exclusion of many would-be church-goers from the sanctuary, by reason of the enormously high pew rents in our fashionable churches, characteristically remarks:—  
"There is a high duty on the fashionable waters of divine grace, and you have to pay at least a penny a piece for a nibble at the bread of life. To go to church in any kind of tolerable style, costs a heap every year, and I know very well why a majority of you go to Belzebub, because you can't afford to go to Heaven at the present exorbitant prices."

The lamps used on railways in England are of three colors—Red, to signify danger; Green, to note caution; White, to indicate safety. Applied to trains in motion, White implies that full speed may be attained; Green, proceed slowly; Red, stop.

## A WARNING

Sometime since a lady, who has gained much celebrity both in this country and in Europe as a prophetess and phrenologist, arrived in this city and took lodgings at one of our hotels. She is a Scotch professional card, inviting the citizens of Nashville to visit her mysterious court, that to them she might lift up the dark curtain of time, and enable them to gaze upon scenes which would transpire in the after-years of their existence. Old and young, male and female, rich and poor, wise and foolish flocked by scores to hear her strange revelations of the future. Wonder at her mysterious power was in every mind, and praises of her talents and accomplishments upon every lip. The same good fortune had attended her since her arrival in the United States; and but for causes with which many of our city readers are acquainted, she might have continued the happy recipient of popular favor and patronage up to this period. During the third or fourth week of her stay here, she was attacked with *maia morbo*. She was taken to the City Hospital for medical treatment. The physician of that institution did all in his power to relieve her sufferings, but yet distrust what we say. We speak the words of sober truth, although they relate to drunkenness on the part of God's first and best gift to man! Drunkenness among coarse, ill-tutored, and ill-natured men, is bad enough, and richly deserves the discomfiture of respectable people; but what shall we say of the soul and body destroying vice when it is tolerated and practiced by women—women too, who claim to be respectable, and who are acknowledged and treated as such by those who are strangers to their habits of inebriation. Is there no remedy for the evil—an evil which stands next in kind to female prostitution. If no other restraint can be adopted, we will suggest and urge the enactment of a Maine Liquor Law which will apply only to females.—*Nash. Daily News*.

The *Journal of Commerce*, analyzing the Thirty-third Congress, says:—  
"By the election of six democrats in South Carolina and three in New Hampshire to the United States House of Representatives, that body now comprises ninety-eight democrats, fifty whigs and three abolitionists. The same districts sent to the last Congress eighty-eight democrats, sixty whigs and two abolitionists. Eighty-three members of the new House are to be elected. Total, 234. The democratic members will be to the whigs about two to one. The democratic majority in the Senate will be fifteen to twenty. For the next two years at least every department of the government will be democratic. The high tariff men have hung their harps upon the willows."

**COUNTRY PAPERS.**—We like country newspapers. With a few exceptions they are capital vehicles of thought, freshness, originality and character; many of them are excellent. They are purged from the guilt of great cities. They are sent from the midst of nature's most beautiful valleys, fields, trees and flowers—woods, valleys, and the broad, free blue heaven. Those who occupy the seat editorial, though they may be learned in the classics, are not worldly in the common sense of the word. They do not wearily to the sanctum day after day, with brains steeped in wine, and aching with the reminiscences of gaslight and crowded fetes. They are not obliged to fill their columns with long descriptions of whirling dances and backstreet stars. They have few sickening details of rovers and murders. Untroubled by city vices, they take high and pure views of life. Altogether, one feels to breathe freer, and think better of his fellows, after reading a right smart country paper.

In their corners are many little effusions of choice poetry. Often they are superior in freshness and feeling to much that is lauded by the city press. They bring with them rural pictures of old farm-houses half-hidden by the foliage of summer.

There, in some cherished corner, the blooming country lass, like a beautiful wild flower in seclusion, pens her pretty thoughts and sends them under some anonymous signature to the village editor. He puzzles his brain to think who it can be. Conjectures before his vision all the Lauras and Margas who cast glances at him in meeting, or whisper to each other as he passes, "that's the editor."

He little dreamt it is the pretty maiden of whose substantial bread and butter he so often partakes. He has sometimes caught sight of her through the steam of the—shades of distinguished authors—the wash-tub—but never thought she gave time to the muses.—It is so, nevertheless. He is favored some day by the proud old farmer—father, or devoted mother with a glance into that favorite study. Of course Mattie knows nothing about it. What a charming wife that would make! Good poetry and good cooking!

Hereafter comment to us the country paper. Sparks from the thought-anvil fly thick and fast; joyous and bright they are—the editor is married! The country paper is more of a gem than ever; and the reason is because "woman, old man is double you."

Success to country newspapers!—*Oliver Branch*.

**A Nocturnal Contrivance.**—The Boston correspondent of the Springfield Republican, finishes a sketch of a member of the Legislature—a political opponent—as follows:—  
"It is said that he brings his noon meal to the House in a leather satchel, and for the purpose of keeping his repast warm, sits upon his bag until dinner-time. This is a contrivance of Tartar origin and cannot, of course, be patented in America."

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## From the Tennessee Organ.

**MODERATION AND FAIR PLAY.**—*Mr. Editor:* Many of your readers, of all religious persuasions and political parties, have their heart, and will, and firm resolve set against the liquor traffic in Tennessee. They are men of reflection and of steady purpose—men whose influence is felt at the approaching election. But they are men of forecast, and desire, if possible, to avoid all collision with public men or party measures. They desire to bring the question of reform, or prohibition of the liquor traffic, before the public mind on its own merits, apart from party politics.

But how can this be done? We cannot ask of partisans, who now have the field, to step aside for the time and give up the field to us. This is asking rather too much. Nor can we ask county candidates appointed by the respective political parties, to advocate our cause, unless they approve of the measure. Nor yet can we safely form a third party. Very many of our staunch friends are so mixed up with party politics that they cannot disengage themselves.—Then what can be done to bind us together, and to give us our full strength at the polls, and in the Legislature. There is but one thing that can be done—that may be done, and if agreed on in time, it will effectually bring out the entire strength of the Temperance cause in the State—it is simply this:

Let the Judges of the elections open in the poll-book of each county two columns, in which every voter may express his will for or against the tipping law. And let the friends of the cause in the respective counties require the candidates for office to agree to carry out the will of the majority. Less than this will not meet the emergency. More than this ought not to be insisted on. This will leave the respective candidate at liberty to be silent, or to discuss the great question, as he may feel inclined, or as his party may direct; and it will open the way for the friends of the cause to approach the people, without encroaching on the ground claimed by partisans. Having disembarrassed the subject, let the friends of the cause take the stump—the field—the forum, and the pulpit, and awaken the slumbering people to the true grandeur of the great reform.

**REMARKS.**  
We publish the above communication with a great deal of pleasure. It emanates from a distinguished source, and the initials at the bottom are anything but correct, for the author's name. We wish to make but few comments on it, preferring that our temperance friends should duly consider the matter, and freely express their opinions. If the Judges of the elections, at the coming State canvass, would make the record suggested, and if the temperance men, anti-temperance men, would all vote their sentiments, there would be no objection to the plan proposed. It will require an effort to secure the attention of the judges of the elections to the matter, in every precinct in the State. If all the presses of both parties, will maintain the matter—several times—before the August elections, the thing would probably be attended to. Any way, to get an expression of opinion on the great question from the voters of the State.

**A LADY OFFICER.**—Jean Paul says that a lady officer, if she wanted to give the word "halt," would do it in this strain: "You soldiers, all of you, now mind, I order you as soon as I have finished speaking, to stand still, every one of you on the spot where you happen to be; don't you hear me? Halt I say all of you."

Now Monsieur Jean, it was an unlucky day you wrote that sentence. May you never hear anything but that little concise word *NOL* from every ray of light between this and your tombstone! May you "halt" witless through time! May your buttons be snappish, your strings knotty, and your stockings holy. May your back be missing, your feet be corned, your shaving water be cold, your razor dull, your hair stand up, and your dinkies lay down; may your beard be percuping, your whiskers be wrongly settled, and your moustache curl the wrong way; may your coffee be muddy, your toast smoky, and your tea be under-drenched; may you dream of Paradise, and wake in some other place and with a never dying desire for a meek, miserable, nasty, forlorn beggarly, ridiculous, rejected, ragged old bachelor! Amen!

**FANNY FERN.**

**THE FRENCH EMPRESS.**—A late letter from Paris says:—"A better and more worthy tone is perceptible in the public mind in regard to the Empress. She rides every day from three to five, and the four exits from the palace are all left open, that people may not know through which she is to pass. A division of the crowd is thus affected. She speaks English and French vernacularly, although Spanish is her native language. The relations to be maintained by her mother are not fully understood. She has not left Paris, and yet she has been at none of the fetes given to her daughter. She appeared in public only once since the marriage—at the opening of the last legislative session."

A New Hampshire farmer, going to a parish meeting, met his minister, and told him that his society thought of increasing his salary. "I beg you not to think of any such thing," said the minister, "for it is about as much business to collect my present salary as I wish to attend to; if it should be increased, I should be obliged to devote my whole time to collecting it."

**LARGE FORTUNE TO A CONVICT.**—A man named Robert Sutton, confined in the Auburn State Prison, New York, for robbing Judge Harris, of Albany, has just received intelligence that he is heir to ninety thousand dollars, by the death of a relative in England. He has yet some five years to remain in prison.

Some more 'things' about the 'little folks' which we always hear and record with pleasure: A little girl, by name Abby B—, went recently to pass the night with Kate C—. Now Abby was taught what Kate was not, namely, to say her prayers, on going to bed at night; so after they had retired, Abby repeated the Lord's prayer until she came to 'Give us this day our daily bread,' when Kate interfered with her: 'O, Abby, why don't you ask for toast?' I like toast a great deal the best!

## Lines on a Keg of Brandy.

Within these prison walls repose  
The clattering tongue, the horrid oath;  
The first for fighting nothing loath;  
The passion quick no words can tame,  
That bursts like thunder into flame;  
The nose with rubies glowing red;  
The bloated eye, the broken head!  
Forever fastened be this door  
Confined within, a thousand more  
Destructive fiends of human shape,  
Even now are plotting an escape.  
Here, only by a cork restrained,  
In slender walls of wood contained,  
In all their dirt of death reside  
Revenge that ne'er was satisfied;  
The tree that bears the deadly fruit  
Of murder, maiming and dispute;  
Assault that innocence assails;  
The images of gloomy jails;  
The ghly thought on mischief bent,  
The midnight hour in folly spent;  
All these within this cask appear,  
And Jack, the hangman in the rear.

**QUEEN VICTORIA.**—Miss Bremer, in a late letter to "Sharpe's London Magazine" says:—  
Under Queen Victoria and Prince Albert is Windsor less than ever a home of pomp and festivity? No! but more and more is it the home of human virtues, both public and private.—People do not talk of the pleasures of the Royal pair, but they speak of their excellent schools for poor children, and their excellent institutions for old servants. People do not build inquisitive towers in the neighborhood of Virginia Water, that they may spy out the secret pleasures of royalty, but they drive thither to see the beautiful farms which Prince Albert has designed, where happy human beings live and children play.

There are countenances, which we may see for whole days, and yet not understand until one has seen a tear in the eye. Other countenances there are, which are unexplained enigmas, until a smile, or a good hearty fit of laughter lights them up. And thus was it, when Queen Victoria, laughing and nodding to me, flew past me light and airy as a fairy Queen. I at once understood the magic power of her person; for, like sunlight breaking through the cloud, like a flower bursting from its bud, was the laughter in the Queen's countenance. There was in it a high degree of natural life, freshness, vivacity, good humor, and a good deal of peculiar character. After this, I can easily comprehend what a noble lady, who often sees the Queen, said on the occasion, in reply to my remark, "What a little Queen you have!" "Yes, she is a little Queen, but on a large scale. She seems to me always like a human being such as God made her, while the greater number of human beings seem to be such as God did not make them!" A human being such as God made her, natural, true in everything! What a beautiful idea. And the greater number of human beings such as God did not make them—how true! Alas! educators, establishment for education, books, the worst—they take care that we shall not be that which God created us, and that shall sometimes require half a life's work, that we shall not succeed, sometimes through the whole of life in discovering what the Creator really intended us to be.

It is easy to see what a power of fascination a Queen, perfectly natural in manner, and possessing so much that is naturally noble and good in character, may exercise over the human mind in this artificial world.

**MR. FILLMORE'S TRIP SOUTH.**—Ex-President Fillmore, in a letter dated the 4th March, to Hiram Barton, Mayor of Buffalo, in reply to the tender of a public entertainment, upon his return to his home there, gratefully declines all public display on his own behalf, and says:—  
"Many of my friends, however, are doubtless aware that I have long desired to visit the Southern States and the great valley of the Mississippi. I had made arrangements to do this four years ago this spring, but the prevalence of the cholera proved. Since then, my official duties would not permit it, and now for the first time do I find myself in a position to gratify this long-cherished desire. Mrs. Fillmore's health, which has been delicate for some time past, and which might suffer from a sudden transition from this warm to a colder climate, but which I have reason to hope may be improved by the journey, offers an additional, inducement, and I have accordingly concluded to return by the way of Charleston, New Orleans, St. Louis and the Lakes, and hope to reach Buffalo about the first of May."

**THE MOOSE.**—Prof. Baird, of the Smithsonian Institute, recommends the demonstration of this animal, as they combine the qualities of the horse and ox. He says, "I possessed to a sled, a pair of them in Canada, reported to have traveled two hundred miles in one day." A Swedish writer recommends their employment in time of war, for cavalry and light artillery, from which he predicts great advantages would be derived in battle. At one time their domestication was forbidden in Sweden on account of their having been employed, from their extraordinary speed, to effect the escape of criminals. Recently, a law was passed to prevent their destruction for ten years.—*Scientific American*.

**ANOTHER NEW INVENTION.**—A Yankee has just invented a mitten for wearing on the proboscis on cold mornings. It is warranted, besides keeping out the cold, to prevent the wearer from sticking his nose in other people's business. There are many persons in this vicinity who need them. The inventor is said to be a "blue nose" of Maine, and first tried it on himself with complete success.—*N. Y. Trib.*

## RECIPES FOR THE SICK.

**APPLE WATER.**—Slice three large pippin apples, and pour over them a pint of boiling water. Stand them in a cool place, when perfectly cold strain off the water, and sweeten it to the taste. Toast may be added.

**BARLEY WATER.**—Wash and pick one ounce pearl barley, pour over it a cupful of water, and let it boil for ten minutes. Drain it, and pour over it three cups of boiling water; set it over the fire, and boil it down to one half. Strain it through a hair sieve or piece of muslin. Gum Arabic is sometimes dissolved in it; the liquid sweetened to taste, forms a very agreeable drink.

**CINCINNATI, March 23, P. M.**—**FEARFUL ACCIDENT.**—Dr. Alexander Duncan, ex-member of Congress, was so severely injured by a lumber wagon passing over him, this morning, that his recovery is considered doubtful.

**FRENCH ETIQUETTE.**—The following interesting account of social manners in Paris, we found in a letter published in the *New York Times*. The statements of the writer are correct.

Newly arrived Americans always express an unmingled surprise at contrasting a ball-room here with the ball-rooms they have left behind. The distinguishing features of difference are the form and manners of the young unmarried ladies at home, and their retiring demeanor here. This difference is worth making a note of. Married ladies upon the Continent, away and give a tone to society, while in America, it is to those ladies whose youth and extent of experience render their conversations and manners anything but instructive or interesting, that the task of sustaining social intercourse is committed. True, you all know what a young lady in a ball-room is at home. Let me say in a few words what she is in a ball-room here.

In the first place, a young unmarried lady is expected to dress modestly and simply. She cannot wear velvet nor lace, she cannot dress in yellow; she cannot wear jewelry, except perhaps ear-rings, containing each a single diamond, with as little setting as possible. It is only of late that she has been allowed to have flounces to her gowns, and to arrange her hair with artificial flowers. She may wear false pearls, but not real ones—may wear necklaces and bracelets of coral, ivory, Venice, small agates, &c., but not of precious stones. She cannot go to a ball without her mother or an elderly lady to chaperone her; she cannot go alone with her father. She stays with her mother or chaperon throughout the evening, except when she dances—and then does not leave her place till the music gives the signal, and returns to it at the moment the dance is over. She cannot promenade with her partner—a tete-a-tete is hopeless; a private interview in a corner or behind a curtain would compromise her forever. The free and easy manners of an American parlor transported into the Faubourg St. Germain would make a Frenchman imagine he was in a bedlam broke loose.

This restraint is necessary for many reasons. A gentleman, invited by the lady of the house, is considered authorized to ask any lady present to dance, without introduction. It is evident, however, that he cannot expect to become an acquaintance, or to claim anything further than the honor of the dance. Again, if the same facilities were allowed in France for the intimacy of young women and young men that are permitted in America, the most disgusting consequence would ensue. At home I believe that the freedom of intercourse between the sexes leads to little disorder and laxity of morals. I have heard that our young ladies go alone to the theatre with young men, go to walk with them, to ride with them, sleigh-riding, even, and come home no wiser than they went, or perhaps, a little kiss or two worse. This would be utterly out of the question here. A young lady seen walking or riding with a gentleman in Paris, would be at once supposed to be lost to virtue, and probably the suspicion would be correct. If unaccountable the obstacles are numerous in the way of a great familiarity between man and woman, it is because they have been found indispensable.

American families that live here as residents are of course obliged to bring up their daughters in the French fashion. They never leave their mother's side, and walking, driving and theatre-going with them is as much out of the question as keeping company with the stars.

But families not familiar with Paris, sometimes make a very strange appearance without knowing it. I remember to have seen, some time since, a very beautiful young lady walking arm-in-arm with a darning-needle New Yorker, on the Camps Elisees. They had been accustomed to do so, I believe, on Fifth Avenue. I thought it my duty to go straight to the fair offender's mother and remonstrate against a proceeding so inadmissible. The young lady came to me to this day, though she no longer knew enough of French manners to blush scarlet whenever she thinks of the appearance she must have made, on her first and last promenade. In an American parlor, too, one night, I saw a Boston girl, who supposed herself still in Summer Street, get behind a door and talk through the crack with a Baltimore boy. Two French ladies who were in the room, seriously contemplated rushing out of the house, as they were hardly sure that the place was respectable. Not wishing to earn the girl's hatred, too, I got somebody else to immolate himself, and to restore the two French ladies, composure.

We were shown the other day a couple of gold watches, recently rescued from the wreck of the old steamer Tennessee, which was sunk nearly thirty years ago. They were found on her deck under nearly fifteen feet water, where they had remained all that long time with an amount of water and dirt flowing over them sufficient to have made another State. The gold castings were not at all injured.—The steel work was very much rusted, and the crystals broken. The painting on the face, however, was as fresh as originally.—*N. O. Picayune*.

**FORGED DRAFTS.**—We are informed that within a short time past, two drafts purporting to have been drawn by a planter upon his factor here, have been presented for payment under circumstances well calculated to deceive. One of the drafts called for two hundred dollars, the other for \$1,000. The person in whose name it was drawn, happened in town the other day, when he pronounced them forgeries. It would be well enough therefore, for merchants and factors to be on their guard just now, in regard to drafts from the country, as it is hardly to be presumed that the forger in this case will confine his operations to one planter or to one house.—*Sav. Rep.*

## LOVE.

Love is a monarch eternal,  
His temple the souls of mankind;  
Ever his chapel is vernal,  
His freedom no senate can bind.  
Love is a peerless magician,  
Beauty his mystical spell—  
Never the voice of sedition  
Against him has dared to rebel.  
Jupiter's Temples are shattered,  
Iris to ruin is hurled;  
Love still is worshipped and flattered,  
Love is the prince of the world.

**PAINT FOR COATING WIRE WORK.**—Take good linseed oil and boil it along with as much litharge as will make it of a consistency to be laid on with a brush. Lampblack is also put on at the rate of one part for every ten, by weight, of the litharge; boil three hours over a gentle fire. The first coat should be thinner than the others; experience has proven this to be the correct method of applying the paint.